

1903

When the Trees Are White With Blossoms I'll Return

Irene Lennon

Charles Kohlman

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TO MISS GRACE M. KIRK

WHEN THE TREES ARE WHITE WITH BLOSSOMS I'LL RETURN



*Words by
Irene Lennon*

*Music by
Chas. Kohlman*

*Composer of
She's sleeping by the
silv'ry Rio Grande*

5

NEW YORK
ALBERTO HIMAN
21 EAST 15th ST.



AT LAST YOU CAME TO ME.

GEO. W. CURTISS

Andante.

p

Con espress.

When all was sad-ness round a-bout me When days were full of grief and

p

dolce.

woe, When earth was emptied of its treas-ures,

When Heaven would no smile be-stow; 'Twas then when yearning for some

Entered at Stationers' Hall. Copyright MDCCLXXXIII by Heman & Reichensbach

KITTY, ARE YOU ALL MY OWN?

Words and Music by
PERCY GAUNT.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. There
2. If

is a girl not far a-way, who is a per-fect 'peach' I'm
I should take 'her to a dance, I could n't stand the game; Some

Copyright 1895, by E. Jonassohn.
Entered at Stationers' Hall London

"THE SAILOR'S WIFE."

Composed by
WALDTEEN PEGG

Andantino con moto.

mf

Con molto espressivo.

"One kiss, be-fore I go," he cried, "To stem the stormy sea!" Then

f

dolce.

from his home the sailor hied, But not a tear dropped she. She

mf

dolce.

senza rigore.

watch'd the boat light fade to naught, she saw the ship's light go. And

senza rigore.

Copyright 1895 by E. Jonassohn.

Land Of Song.

ROMANCE

Words & Music by
John Butler

Moderato

mf

rice

1 I dwell in the land of song, Where mus-ic is for-ev-er
2 I roam in the gar-den of thought, Where fan-cy hears grand mu-sic

charms, Where birds sing to me all day long, While I
play, Rare war-b-lers whom na-ture has taught, Sing

wan-der through valleys and farms, I rev-el in joy and in
gal-ly their songs ev-ry day The sun-light fills earth and the

Copyright 1894 by Albert Heman.

When the Trees are White with Blossoms, I'll Return.

Words by IRENE LENNON.

Music by CHAS. KOHLMAN.

Andante moderato.

A lov - er and his maid - en fair were seat - ed one bright day, Up -
A year has passed and now the maid is wait - ing all a - lone, She
on a rus - tic bench be - neath a tree, The
wears a lock - et with a gold - en chain, With -
lit - tle birds were sing - ing for it was the month of May, All
in it is the face that dear - er than her life has grown, The

na - ture seemed to join the min - strel - sy. He
one who told her he'd re - turn a - gain. They

whis - pered words en - dear - ing as he pressed her to his heart, And
said he did not love her or he could not leave her so, Her

while up - on her cheek there fell a tear He
heart was not dis - turbed by vain a - larms She

told her though he loved her that the time had come to part, But
turns, her love is by her side and ech - o seems to say, As

prom - ised to re - turn with - in a year.
ten - der - ly he clasps her in his arms.

CHORUS.

When the trees are white with blos - soms I'll re - turn, — And

I will claim you as my hap - py bride, — Till then, dear, I'll be true, And will

on - ly dream of you, When the trees are white with blossoms, I'll re - turn. —

When the trees are white &c 3

The Morn Eternal.

Words & Music by
F. CLIFTON HAYES.

Grandioso.

Piano.

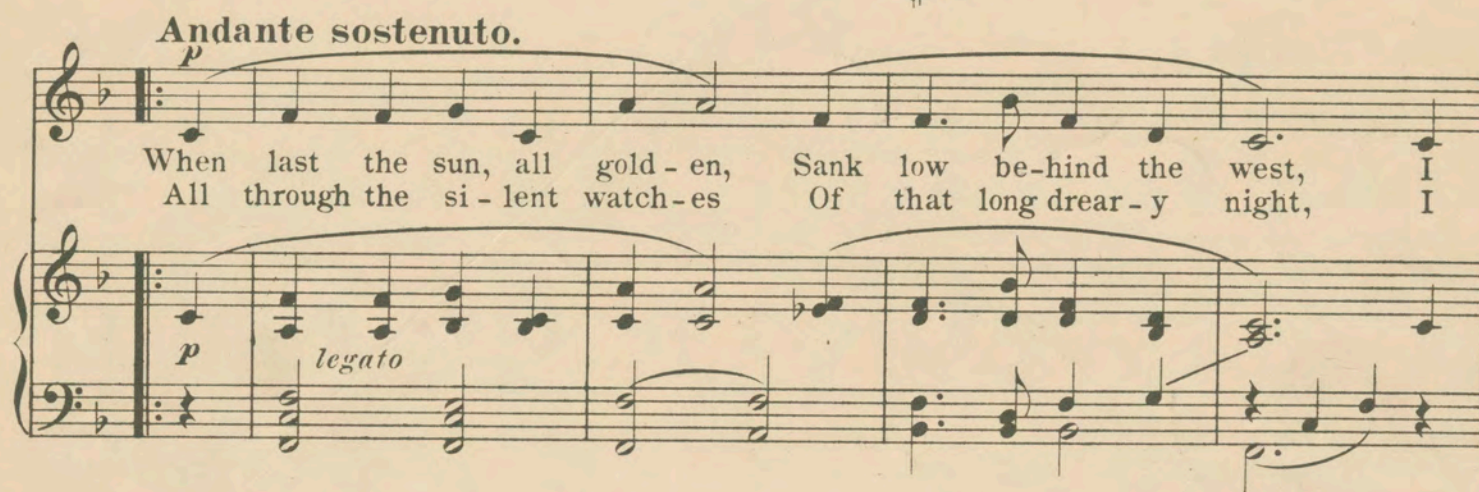


Andante sostenuto.

p

When last the sun, all gold - en, Sank low be-hind the west, I
All through the si - lent watch - es Of that long drear - y night, I

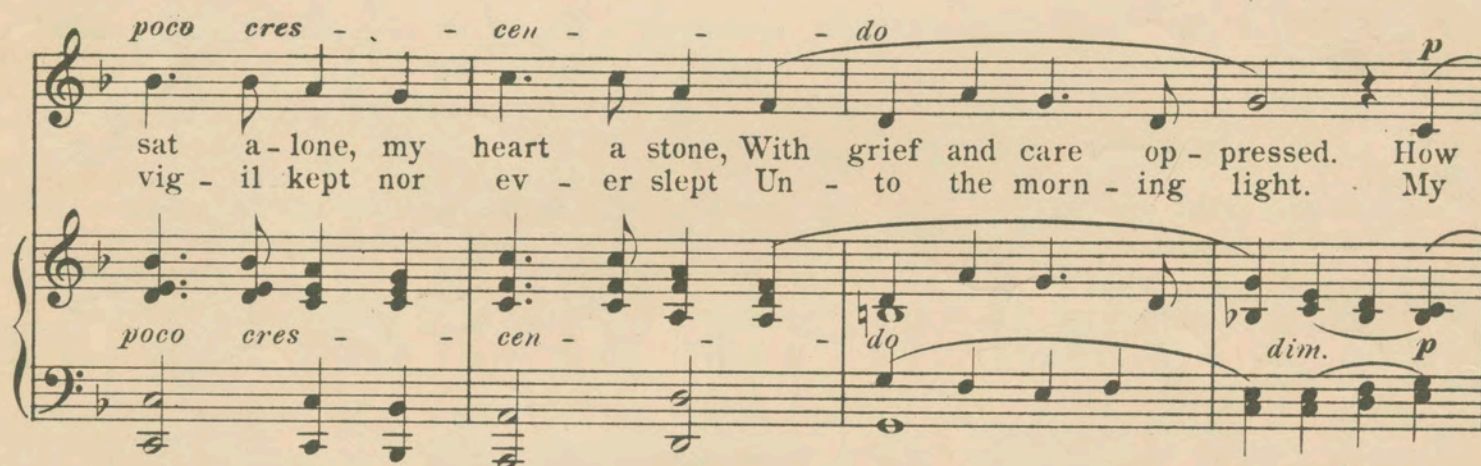
p *legato*



poco cres - - cen - - do

sat a - lone, my heart a stone, With grief and care op - pressed. How
vig - il kept nor ev - er slept Un - to the morn - ing light. My

poco cres - - cen - - do *dim.* *p*



dolce *Piu anima* *cresc.*

dark the world and lone - ly! - Yet, far be - yond the skies, So
heart would fain have brok - en, But ev - er, midst my woes, Oh,

Piu anima *cresc.*

